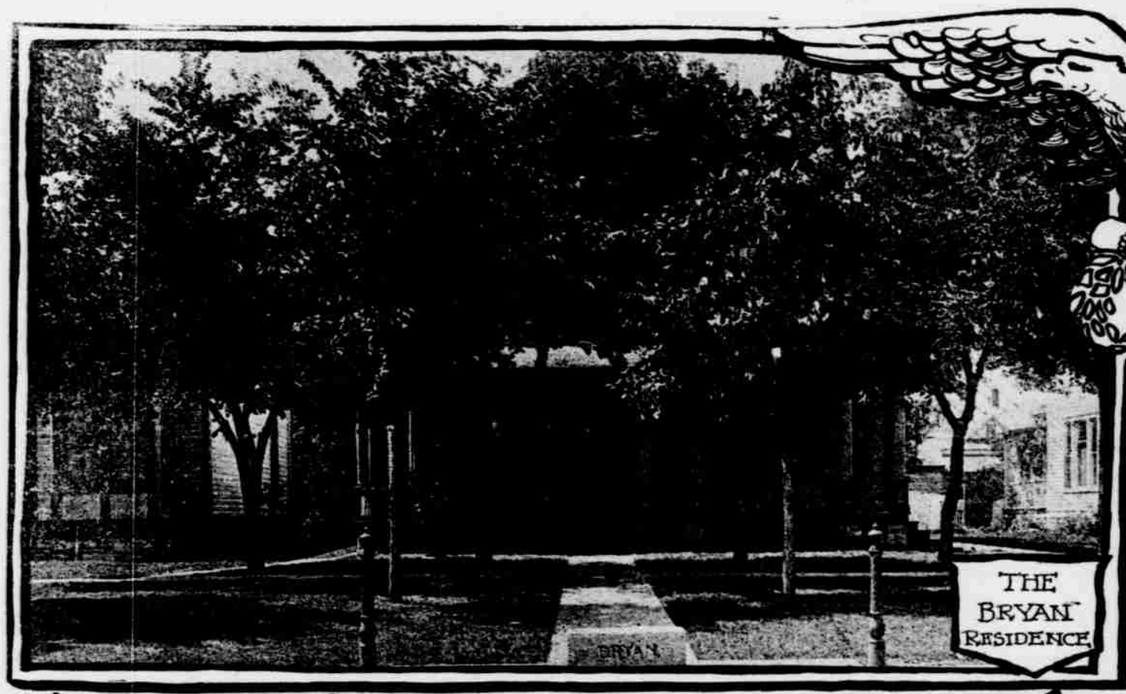
WILLIAM J. BRYAN, JR., AND HIS CHICKENS---THE BRYAN HORSE, A GIFT FROM EX-GOVERNOR STONE OF MISSOURI.



THE BRYAN RESIDENCE

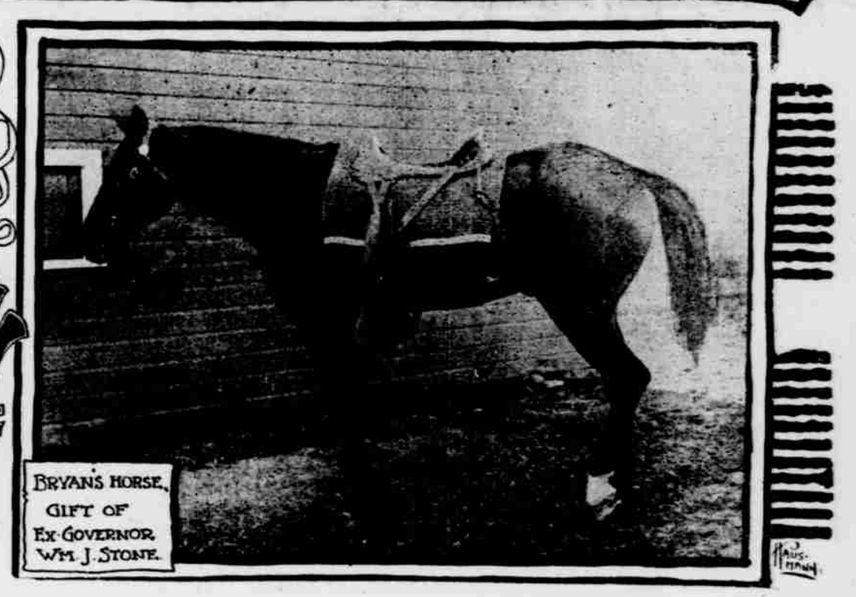
MR. AND MRS. BRYAN

MR. AND MRS. BRYAN IN FRONT OF RESIDENCE SHOWING THE NEW PORCH.

MR. BRYAN AT HIS DESK IN HIS LIBRARY

MR. AND MRS. BRYAN IN FRONT YARD

ONE of BRYAN'S COCHIN ROOSTERS.



BRYAN'S HORSE, GIFT OF EX-GOVERNOR WM. J. STONE.

William J. Bryan as Seen by a Republican.

Extracts From an Estimate by William Allen White.

One opinion—that held by his partisans—is this, that William Jennings Bryan has godlike courage and indomitable energy directed by divine wisdom; that he is saintly in self-effacement and heroic in achievement for the poor and the oppressed. Another opinion—that held by those who differ with Mr. Bryan about the coinage of silver—is this, that he is an arrant demagogue, vacillating by nature, consciously dishonest, the malicious soul of error, and the fountainhead of treasonable doctrines which invite anarchy by the attempt to establish socialism.

Of course, both estimates of Mr. Bryan's character are incorrect—the estimate of his friends as surely as that of his enemies. Nature never made a human being entirely good or entirely bad. Yet, ordinarily, in presidential years intelligent Americans forget that the habitat of heroes and of villains is in books and plays. Maybe citizens take this unreasonable view of candidates for office because to the popular mind an election is an act in a drama and all the men and women merely players. So it is easy to cry with Richard: "Off with his head! So much for Buckingham"; or off with his reputation, or off with his peace of mind, or off with his ambition. We forget that the hated Buckingham leading the despised opposition, may be, after all, an excellent gentleman, with two legs, real blood dancing through a merry heart, delightfully human in his preference for wearing his head above his collar-button rather than in the headman's basket, eminently sane in his pride in his good name, pardonable in his desire for peace of mind, and with a conscience behind his ambition.

In Bryan's home, the living-room is the library. Around the library walls are pictures of statesmen—Washington, Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln, prominently displayed; Benton, Webster, Calhoun and the others, in steel engravings, tucked away in odd places. An eagle poised for flight totters in front of Bryan's chair. Just behind it is a picture which more than any other tells its owner's point of view. The picture represents Henry Clay towering almost ten feet high in the foreground, badly out of perspective, pleading with the Lilliputian Senators—all in stocks and tail coats, like Clay, and all dignified and serious, wrapped in improving meditation. Of course, no human beings ever disported themselves in such unwrinkled pomp. But Bryan doubtless draws from this picture many of his fine Fourth-Reader views of the relations of life. The books in the library also make an excellent photograph of their owner's mental equipment. Of fiction there is little. "Caxton editions" of a number of the classic novelists are found in sets. Standard histories and great orations common in schools twenty years ago fill much space. Lord's "Beacon Lights of History," "lives" of statesmen old and new, collections of poetical "gems," published by houses that sell through agents, have shelf room beyond their deserts. On the side of sociology and economics the books are of the sort that may be called propagandist. With him (Bryan) vox populi is always vox Dei. And this, too, in the face of the fact that in modern politics men who affect solicitude for the people are called demagogues. The people—that solidarity of citizens of mutual interest, common aspirations, and similar circumstances that once formed the masses of the early Republic—seem to have resolved themselves into a number of individuals, associated by self-interest in groups, cliques, coteries, classes, companies, corporations and municipalities. These units ask of government only an honest policeman and an incorruptible umpire to see that the fight is fair. Therefore a large number of Mr. Bryan's fellow-citizens—a majority, in fact—sniffed at his strenuous clamor for "the people" four years ago as the recitations of a demagogue. And like the priest and the Levite, these fellow-citizens passed by on the other side.

> Omaha, Neb., June 30.—In the presidential campaign this year one of the points of interest will be Mr. W. J. Bryan's front porch. It has only been completed for a short time, and while the men who pass it by view the new adjunct to the Bryan home with indifference, "there'll come a time" when they will jam the street in front to catch a glimpse of the next President and many distinguished guests who may make the pilgrimage to see and consult with the leader of the Democracy.

Now, the truth of the matter is that Mr. Bryan is not a demagogue. He is absolutely honest, which a demagogue is not. He is absolutely brave, which a demagogue is not. He is passionately sincere, which a demagogue is not. When Bryan came to Nebraska, a dozen years ago, his town, his congressional district, and his State, were overwhelmingly Republican. A demagogue would have joined the majority party. Bryan took up the cause of tariff reform and fought a losing fight.

Above everything else, Bryan personally is what may be called a clean man. He is a member of the Presbyterian Church, though he does not add to his other fault the "vice of piety." His home life is that of the average well-bred American—simple, affectionate, stimulating. He takes his wife into partnership in all his interests. She is his only confidant and his final adviser. In the town of Lincoln, which does not agree with him politically and will not vote for him, Bryan bears the reputation of a straightforward, honorable man, whose word is good, and whose debts are paid when they fall due. In the intrigues of local politics Bryan is not a dominant force. He has never dominated there. He talked himself into his honors in local politics, instead of winning them in the caucus. Most men in Western politics begin at the bottom—run for county attorney, or the Legislature, are graduated into a judicial nomination, and ascend to Congress at the close of their political life. Bryan, having framed his life after the models in the old school, began at the top.

Bryan shows his greatest personal strength in the fact that he is to-day, as he has ever been, utterly without a political machine. Other men in American politics stand or fall for reasons outside of their personality. Mr. David Hill, for instance, is a geographical location. Mr. McKinley is a kind of syndicate. Roosevelt stands for an ideal of civic righteousness. Mr. Croker is an impudent appetite. Quay is a system of wireless telegraphy. But Bryan is Bryan, and Bryan is his prophet. More power for good or evil rests under Bryan's black slouch hat than under any other single headpiece in America. Bryan is machineless, not because he abhors the machine, but because he ignores it. He would not know what to do with captains and lieutenants.

SPECIOUS REASONING.

A man who is old enough to have rheumatism is fortunate if he is still young enough to turn his disability into a joke.

A minister met a parishioner, says Forward, and asked him the usual question:

"Weel, John, how are you to-day?"

"Gey weel, sir, gey weel," replied John, cautiously, "if it wasna for the rheumatism in my right leg."

"Ah, weel, John, be thankful; for there is no mistake, you are getting old like the rest of us, and old age does not come alone."

"Auld age, sir!" said John. "I wonder to hear ye. Auld age has naething to do with it. Here's my ither leg just as auld, and it's quite sound and soople yet."

LONELINESS WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

How the Fear of the North and the White Silence Overpowered Two Men—A Book of Short Stories.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Two men, two uncongenial men, alone in the Far North together, are the principal figures in a realistic story by Jack London. This young man has been a traveler in the land of snow, and he writes whereof he knows. His book, "The Son of the Wolf," is a collection of stories of the men who have sought fortune in the great Northwest. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

The book is dedicated "To the sons of the wolf who sought their heritage and left their bones among the shadows of the circle." The Sons of the Wolf are the white men who invaded the Arctic Circle.

"In a Far Country" is a story of two men who went to the Northwest in search of gold and adventure. In introducing his story the author says: "The man who turns his back upon the comforts of an older civilization, to face the savage youth, the primordial simplicity of the North, may estimate success at an inverse ratio to the quantity and quality of his hopelessly fixed habits. He will soon discover, if he be a fit candidate, that the material habits are the less important. The exchange of such things as a dainty menu for rough fare, of the stiff leather shoe for the soft, shapeless moccasin, of the feather bed for a couch in the snow, is after all a very easy matter. But his pinch will come in learning properly to shape his mind's attitude toward all things, and especially toward his fellowman.

This is what the two men who dared to enter the Arctic Circle could not do. A party of gold seekers planned a somewhat unusual route, guided by an excellent man, a French half-breed who always kept his word. "The two shirks and chronic grumblers were Carter Weatherbee and Percy Cuthfert. The whole party complained less of its aches and pains than did either of them. Not once did they volunteer for the thousand and one petty duties of the camp." There was a change of plan, an altering of the course, made necessary by certain conditions and much hard trailing was in sight. The two Incapables objected and they were informed that they might remain or go, just as they pleased. They elected to remain in the comfortable cabin which they found situated by the side of the river. Two graves were there also. Plentiful provisions were left for them.

At first the two Incapables got on well enough. They they became deadly tired of each other. "Save existence, they had nothing in common—came in touch on no single point. Weatherbee was a clerk who had known naught but clerking all his life; Cuthfert was a master of arts, a dabbler in oils, and had written not a little. The one was a lower-class man who considered himself a gentleman, and the other was a gentleman who knew himself to be such. * * * Cuthfert deemed the clerk a filthy, uncultured brute, whose place was in the muck with the swine, and told him so; and he was reciprocally informed that he was a milk-and-water sissy and a cad. Weatherbee could not have defined 'cad' for his life; but it satisfied its purpose, which, after all, seems the main point in life.

"Weatherbee flatted every third note and sang such songs at 'The Boston Burglar' and 'The Handsome Cabin Boy' for hours at a time, while Cuthfert wept with rage, till he could stand it no longer and fled into the outer cold. But there was no escape. The intense frost could not be endured for long at a time, and the little cabin crowded them—beds, stove, table and all—into a space of ten by twelve. The very presence of either became a personal affront to the other, and they lapsed into sullen silence, which increased in length and strength as the days went by.

"To all this was added a new trouble—the Fear of the North. This Fear was the joint child of the Great Cold and the Great Silence, and was born in the darkness of December, when the sun dipped below the southern horizon for good. It affected them according to their natures. Weatherbee fell a prey to the grosser superstitions and did his best to resurrect the spirits which slept in the forgotten graves. It was a fascinating thing, and in his dreams they came to him from out of the cold, and snuggled into his blankets, and told him of their toils and troubles ere they died. He shrank away from the clammy contact as they drew closer and twined their frozen limbs about him, and when they whispered in his ear of things to come the cabin rang with his frightened shrieks. Cuthfert did not understand—for they no longer spoke—and when thus awakened he invariably grabbed for his revolver. He deemed the man going mad, and so came to fear for his life.

"His own malady assumed a less concrete form. The mysterious artisan who had laid the cabin, log for log, had pegged a wind-vane to the ridge pole. Cuthfert noticed it always pointed south, and one day, irritated by its steadfastness of purpose, he turned it toward the east. He watched it eagerly, but never a breath came by to disturb it. Then he turned the vane to the north, swearing never again to touch it till the wind did blow. But the air frightened him with its unearthly calm, and he often rose in the middle of the night to see if the vane had veered. Ten degrees would have satisfied him. But no, it poised above him, as unchangeable as fate. His imagination ran riot till it became to him a fetich.

"The world he had so recently left, with its busy nation and great enterprises, seemed very far away. Recollections occasionally obtruded—recollections of marts and galleries and crowded thoroughfares, of evening dress and social functions, of good men and dear women he had known—but they were dim memories of a life he had lived long centuries agone, on some other planet. This phantasm was the Reality. * * * There were no lands of sunshine, heavy with the perfume of flowers. Such things were the only old dreams of paradise. The sunlands of the West and the spicelands of the East, the smiling Arcadias and blissful Islands of the Blest—ha! ha! His laughter split the void and shocked him with its unwonted sound. There was no sun. This was the Universe, dead and cold, and dark, and he its only citizen. Weatherbee? At such moments Weatherbee did not count. He was a Caliban, a monstrous phantom, fettered to him for untold ages, the penalty of some forgotten crime.

The two men lived in fear of their lives. Each feared the other, and their imaginary troubles grew. They did not speak; they were locked in silence.

The end came. The two men fought. The powder flashed full in Weatherbee's face, but he swung his weapon and leaned forward. The ax bit deeply at the base of the spine and Percy Cuthfert felt all consciousness of his lower limbs leave him. Then the clerk fell heavily upon him, clutching him by the throat with feeble fingers. The sharp bite of the ax had caused Cuthfert to drop the pistol and, as his lungs panted for release; he fumbled aimlessly for it among the blankets. Then he remembered. He slid a hand up the clerk's belt close to the sheathknife and they drew very close to each other in that last clinch.

"Percy Cuthfert felt his strength leave him. The lower portion of his body was useless. The inert weight of Weatherbee crushed him—crushed him and pinned him there like a bear under a trap. * * * How quickly the cabin cooled! * * * Percy Cuthfert closed his eyes and dropped off to sleep."